

THE DEAD LINE.

(Continued from page 3.)

was most of the furniture; and they live now in a little rented house out in the suburbs, where the laboring people live. That was pretty bad; but Hattie became a milliner, and, of course, next time I came home and when I met her in there, I had to cut her. Of course I had to recognize her changed situation. How could I be familiar with a common working girl?"

Kate was silent. The terrible question arose in her mind—"What if Fanny—what if Clarence—should learn I have worked out?" But would not Clarence be chivalrous? Would he act as his sister had acted? Kate would not believe it possible.

Some days after the occurrence of this incident, she and Clarence had been walking together down town; and when they had taken a car to go home, Hattie Harbinson entered and sat opposite them, but Clarence seemed oblivious of her presence. When they had left the car and were going up to the house, Kate said:

"I feel so sorry for that young milliner who sat opposite us in the car."

"Hattie Harbinson?" said Clarence. "Fanny has told you about her, I suppose?"

"Yes. Do you know her?" asked Kate with anxiety.

"I should say I do," answered Clarence. "I used to take her around. She used to be at our house a great deal. Used to be Fanny's right bower."

"And you didn't recognize her just now?" said Kate reproachfully.

"How could I recognize a milliner before a car full of people?" said Clarence. "Do you take me for a disciple of Tolstoi?"

"Who is Tolstoi?" asked Kate, wishing to change the subject.

"I don't know anything about him, except that he is an old fool of a Russian count who got conscientious, and went to treating the ignorant peasants and workmen as brothers, and all that sort of ridiculous nonsense. They say he is a nihilist, or anarchist, or something of that kind. He is a kind of Russian People's party old idiot," said Clarence.

"Is it really so awful wicked in a girl to work for a living?" asked Kate.

"Now, just listen!" said Clarence. "Are you going to turn reformer, too? Of course it is not wicked to work, but society can have nothing to do with such people, you know. I dislike to seem ungallant, even to a working girl, but what is a fellow to do?"

Kate did not answer. Her adored idol was made of clay, and lay shattered at her feet. She knew now what he would do if he should discover her sinful past. She, too, had committed the unpardonable sin of honest work. And might he not find it out? Must he not find it out if they should ever become engaged? But, O, pshaw! How silly to think of such a thing! Nevertheless, she could not avoid thinking of it. How could she? Let any young woman of eighteen who chances at this moment to have a lover, answer whether it was possible for Kate to avoid thinking of being engaged.

But Kate's pleasure in her visit was marred thenceforth by the constant dread of being found out. This dread became a fever when, a few evenings later, Clarence, without the faintest suspicion that his gossip could have any painful interest for her, told her that the loan and investment company's agent at Cobden had been to see the senior Diegal that day about a lot of defaulted farm mortgages. The farmers had, so the agent had stated, all gone into the "calamity" party, and had been sitting around town on dry-goods boxes talking "finance," and, as a natural consequence, had bad crops and couldn't pay the interest on their mortgages, nor even their taxes. Clarence said his father was greatly worried and vexed, and had instructed the agent to have all the mortgages foreclosed forthwith. As a sample, one old "hay-seed" whose interest and taxes were unpaid, and whose very farming implements were all mortgaged at 10 per cent. a month, was actually sending his daughter to college, and keeping her up in style!

Poor Kate! Next day, going out alone, she pretended to have received a

letter which made it necessary for her to start homeward on the first train; and despite Clarence's urgings and Fanny's tearful entreaties, that afternoon's train bore Sam Cotterell's troubled daughter away.

(To be continued.)

Force and Policy—A Fable.

Once upon a time two great rivals—Force and Policy—had a dispute as to which was the stronger, and, to settle the matter, they agreed to try their strength on a man. The one who first succeeded in robbing him of his liberty was to be declared the victor.

As Force was the older and more experienced of the two, he was to make the first trial. So, selecting a man well worthy of his powers, and relying on his own strength and dexterity, he boldly attacked him in the open field. The contest waged fiercely till near the close of day, but the man was finally conquered, and Force returned with his captive in triumph to his castle, where he compelled the man to act as his body servant.

In a short time, however, the man escaped from his cruel conqueror and regained his liberty. But Force was not to be thus easily baffled. He set out at once in pursuit of his slave and overtook him not a great way from the castle. Here another contest, fiercer, if possible, than the first, took place. The man, though hardly yet recovered from his former encounter, fought desperately, but, his strength failing him, he was compelled to succumb, and, loaded with chains, he was brought back to the castle. This time he was cast into a strong cell and closely guarded; but his friends gathered in the night, tore down his prison and set him at liberty.

The next time Force attacked the man his friends rallied to his assistance, and together they drove Force into a far country and exacted from him a promise there to remain for ever.

Policy, seeing the defeat of his rival, Force, resolved to pursue a different course. So he called in his crafty friend Legislator, and together they prepared heavy loads that were to be placed on the man's back, and devised schemes for securely fastening them there. Then, going to the man, he made a great show of friendship, and told him that he could rely on his protection from being farther molested by Force.

Thus assured, the man lay down to sleep; but was much surprised on waking in the morning to find a heavy load fastened on his back.

Struggle how he would, he could not free himself from it, and, to make matters still worse, he found on going to his work that his task had been increased during the night. So, puzzled, he went to his new friend, Policy, to ask his advice and assistance. But Policy, the sly rascal, while he feigned great surprise at the condition of the man, advised him to bear up manfully under his burden, as it would only make him the stronger in the end, and at the same time promised to enlist the aid of Legislator in having the load removed.

With this assurance the man returned to his labor and performed his tasks as best he could under his heavy weight. But instead of the promised relief he found his load mysteriously increasing, and, to add to his misery, his tools were being stolen and the products of his labor taken from him. Again he went to his supposed friend for aid and counsel. Policy made a great show of concern and sympathy, and busied himself at once in making preparations for immediate relief, taking great care at the same time to impress the man with the fact that, in other countries, many men in

his condition did not have the privilege of going with their loads and grievances to so powerful and influential friends as he and Legislator were.

Again the poor man was doomed to disappointment, for instead of his load decreasing he found it constantly growing in bulk.

At length he came to suspect that while Policy pretended to be his friend he was really his enemy. The more he thought of this the more he became convinced that Policy had been playing him false. He went to some of his friends that had helped him to drive Force out of the country and told them of his suspicions. But most of his friends only laughed at his strange ideas, and, tapping their foreheads, would wink at each other when ever he approached them; though they could see that his load was growing heavier day by day.

Finding no aid, and but little sympathy, and sinking under his increasing load, the poor man at last gave up in despair, and meeting his old enemy, Force, he offered to become his slave for life if he would lift from him the burden laid on by Policy.

SORUS SCHIBBENS.

Oregon's Unemployed.

Following are the resolutions passed by Portland's Central Labor council on December 30, 1933:

"Resolved, That we, the delegates to the Portland Central Labor council representing thirty labor organizations, with a membership of 1,500, do hereby indorse the statements made by Governor Penoyer in his open letter regarding the economic conditions of the state.

"That based upon the statistics of this council, 75 per cent. of the laboring people of this state are actually unemployed notwithstanding the fact that it is estimated that 10,000 people have of late fled from this city through lack of employment.

"The so-called business men, while waiting all day in their place of business are not employed one-third of the time. That not one property in fifty would bring in cash one-half the price demanded last year.

"That not one laboring man can secure \$100 in money to save his home from mortgage, and hundreds who are unable to secure money are driven from their homes. That no laboring man in Oregon can point his son to a promising avocation for life.

"And that we, representatives of labor, are better able to judge, from facts in our possession, of the condition of laboring people in this state than the well-to-do people composing those aforesaid boards of trade, chambers of commerce and boards of immigration. In conclusion, we beg of every labor organization and labor paper in the land to take cognizance of these facts.

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